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SEVENTY YEARS AGO:

OR

PRINCE EDWARD'S

VISIT TO NIAGARA.

DEDICATED TO THE VISITORS OF THE PRESENT SEASON,

SEPTEMBER, 1860,

BY A NEAR RESIDENT.

ST. CATHARINES:
PRINTED BY E. S. LEAVENWORTH.

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INVOCATION.

Ye denizens of cities, list, I pray
To this rough measure of a sylvan lay;
Though one from foreign lands I bring,
'Tis not of courts, a people rude I sing.

In Grecian classic, lands of old,
The heroic bard as we've been told,
Was wont with garland bays to think,
And from the sacred fountain drink.

What spot imposing more to stand,
And drink the waters from your hand,
While Iris tips the rough rocks now,
And leaves are waving round your brow.

Look up and see yon gossamer span,
Work, great as earth displays of man!
A sound disturbs the cataract's roar,
That sound the giant throbs before.

It's past; and silence as of yore
Reigns, ruler of the scene once more.
Improvements cease to intervene,
When cataract alone is seen.

Regard again a *Fall* whose power,
Existed ages as this hour,
And will to future ages last,
As strong as now, and as the past.

Forget not ye who now in car,
Ride swiftly to the scene from far,
How hard it was of them the tread,
Who o'er this pleasant road first sped.

No vigorous shoot obstructs the way,
No wood's inhabitant strike with dismay,
Cleared all those terrors from the road,
O'er which in their reverse our fathers trod.

PART I.

DEBARKATION ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Long time laborious at the oar
Had toiled a crew who now no more
With earliest dawn, with latest night,
Had stem'd the stream with skill and might.

With pole to push and rope to tow
Up rapids, and swift currents go;
Escaped they have the tedious river,
Accompanied by its labors ever.

The summer past and nearly o'er,
The pleasant time of sun and shower,
Some misty days had hid the sun
As if his conquering season'd run.

And days resplendent do appear,
As brighter he'd the season cheer,
And then a crimson hue o'ercast,
As if that bright hue was to last.

But yet it is the hectic glow
That brightens loveliest—ere we go
Alternately, as joy and grief,
That comes before the fall of leaf.

Canadian youths in contest spend
Their time, and thus their manners mend.
Magazines nor novels they peruse,
But with the song themselves amuse.

Work over now, hours to employ,
Time to fill up and not destroy.
Recumbent they await the gale,
Impatiently to raise the sail.

A tasteful contest their repast,
And to the dark the strife doth last,
Then French Canadian boatmen sing,
And make the neighboring landing ring;

Arcadian youths in contest spend
The time, and thus their manners mend;
Milebean strains are their repast;
Late in the night their contests last.

Trav'lers on shore pleased umpires are,
While listening to the wordy war.
And then in contest they engage,
A similar strife of words they wage.

VOYAGEUR'S SONG.

The furs that warm us, and the lights that
cheer,

We owe them both unto the land so drear,
Where whale and walrus through seas do
roll,
That circle round the distant icy pole.

The wild moose fattens by the silent lake,
The timid *Leveret* brouse upon the brake;
And there the trapper bold, all winter long
By that white lake watches the beaver
throng.

In hopes the winter o'er, well filled his
barque,
He needs to watch no more white lake,
with borders dark.

But that returned upon St. Lawrence shores
May its cheerful waters see upon his gotten
stores.

In storms without, while all within is joy.
No fears of want or care his peace destroy;
With many cheerful happy, friends to see,
Music, the jovial dance and revelry.

SECOND VOYAGEUR'S SONG.

Oh, from that dismal, dreary shore,
Keep me from journeying evermore,
Where gloomy swamps, with treach'rous ice
Engulph the wight, beavers entice.

Where currents round the bays do flow,
With fields of sunken ice below.
No streams the tide of commerce bear,
To cities on its banks that are.

And when the sun upon the scene,
Less period gives the nights between,
We leave the rivers, swamps and flocs,
And not till then we find repose.

In song again the first makes his refrain,
I'm on the snow! I'm on the snow!
The blue above and white below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.

My team well matched, I'm sure to beat,
Any cariole I chance to meet.
Where I love to go, I'm on the snow.
I'm on the snow—I'm on the snow.

With cheerful bells,
Across the mountains, plains, and dells,
With fur robes warm, preserved from harm,
What care I whether it snow or shine?

The joyous sleigh ride still is mine.
My dogs I train to the gliding car,
I go where no intruders are.

Chorus.—I'm on the snow, &c.

It is pleasant in winter time to go,
When the broad earth is covered with snow,
Upon the lake or pond's broad breast,
That like a creature is taking rest.

Tied by the bond of rigid frost,
While late it was with surges toss'd;
To bind on the feet the slippery skate,
Strike o'er its plain at a fearful rate.

To shoot far o'er the glassy ice,
And make with the skate the curved device.
Those who on earth do slowly go,
Know not the joys the skaters know.

The joyful flood that thro' the veins
Exulting throbs, as he inward reins,
Then away, away, by the sloping glade,
Or by the wood, with its darkening shade.

'Till tired of sport he homeward hies,
And looks on the world with kinder eyes;
Looks about him and up with grateful mind,
For an hour of pleasure so refined.

When the frost of age my limbs hath bound,
May I be in a snow wreath found;
For the snow to me a bed hath been
More soft than downy couch hath seen,
And spread the blue vault with riches o'er,
Than e'er had painted roofs before.

His opposing friend yet once again,
In praise of settlements awakes the strain,
And keeps the active contest on,
Touching the subject he's upon;
My thoughts are where I'd like to be
When the storms of life do visit me;
With a large stove warm, preserved from
harm,

From dangers free, no more I roam,
For I'm at home, for I'm at home.

Battle the elements as they may,
I've left my wanderings many a day.
A storm may rise and the wind may blow,
What matter? I've no where to go.
No where to go, no more I roam,
For I'm at home—for I'm at home.

FIRST TRAVELLER.

The camp fire sheds its ruddy glow,
Its shadow danced the trees among,
And all the west was fire below,
Translucent with the setting sun.

Two wanderers all pensive sat,
Their aspect towards the east they cast,
And then in mutual strains relate
Each to his fellow, 'plaints he cast.

Why did I leave my native strand,
This almost verge of earth to gain?

Why did I leave my pleasant land
To take this voyage o'er the main?

The days pass by, weeks disappear,
And yet the distant verge the same,
Nor e'er associates appear,
Nor friend that I can call by name.

Why trusted I the cyren's strain?
Why noticed I her treacherous beck?
Were dangers more not there to gain
Without enduring total wreck.

Could not his Majesty me give
A post worthy ambition's fire,
Where I in fields of marshalled foes
Could show the valor such inspire?

A savage oft with glistening eye
Around our watch fire nightly prowls,
Silently our state doth spy,
While distantly the wild wolf howls.

The foe who keeps yon verge so tame,
My form this moonlight night will show
And quickly by his steady aim
Shall lay my new fledged honors low.

Perhaps full sure his aim he'll give,
My sacrifices they will know,
In after ages I shall live
And Westminster a scroll bestow.

Perhaps a wound; the boon recall
I shall from Majesty receive,
No joy so great, come friendly ball,
Benumbed my frame no pain shall feel.

SECOND TRAVELLER.

One who had also viewed the scene,
In other light this answer gave,
One who had longer dweller been
Regarded it with thoughts less grave.

With you the memory of the past,
It's pressed thro' fragrant flowers,
The moss that clothes its broken walls
The ivy of its towers
I love; but yet this scene
Presents a sight to memory green.

We've mountains and hills, but's to see
them,

We've valleys and rivulets around,
Barrens and morasses, but's to flee them,
Sunny hill sides ever abound.

The prospect you say it is gloomy,
~~For~~ yet it recalls where we've been;
The country abounds, land is roomy,
And hope it will brighten the scene.

Through the dark wood's dome I love to
roam

In a day serene and clear,
When all around no sight of man
Or his labors doth appear.

~~talk~~
To skin along through the canopied woods,
Amid the brave old trees,
While their bare still branches stand aloft
Unmoved by a single breeze.

To sit me down on some mossy bank,
By the root of some time worn tree,
And with his fellows around me there,
Converse most socially.

What time was it when ye commenced
Your leafy tops to raise?
What age was it when ye commenced
To pierce the azure skies.

Were centuries, three or four
When you commenced to grow,
Did ye supplant some other stock?
Could speak ye, only know.

Or do ye count by cycles?
Have periods passed along,
Since you began to raise your tops,
A broad and leafy throng?

Your sires were they above the ground
When Rome's primeval race
Commenced the arduous struggle,
Time's historic page to grace?

Speak, for your time has come at last
When down your race must cease,
For I have heard the axeman's ring
That makes your race give place.

Thus passed the time between them all,
Nor finished was the contest quite.
To break the charm, each friend was loth
Till passed the evening into night.

The breeze now freshened, and other cares
Attract those who contesters were,
And to make ready all prepare,
And soon aroused, were all astir.

EMBARKING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

St. George's penant rises high,
For the first time in western sky;
As from the barge of voyageur,
Rapids all pass'd, and now secure
Steps one, who not afraid of danger,
More to the barge than brig^d a stranger.

Promptly the anchor up they hie,
The winds in favor quickly fly,
Swiftly passed by *Desalle's stone fort,
Once the explorer's famed resort;
Nor dreams of India filled the mind
By him, alas! too soon designed.
As the staunch vessel onward flies,
What charming land before us lies,
"Prince Edward's" that, the guide replied,
Nor maps have yet that fact denied.

The day passed on, with it declined
The favor of the eastern wind.
At length the moon takes up her place,
Do neighboring islets favoring grace.
Charming abode for chieftain's daughter,
Those trees among what grows from water.†

The night breeze freshening from the land,
Causes once more sails to expand,
An early morning dawns before
The barrier of an opposing shore,
The fleecy clowd slowly expands,
What country this? the *Prince* demands.

An eastern swell had raised the sea,
Which now the son of Neptune'd flee;
A ready barge their wants supply,

*Now Kingston.

† Toronto.

Soon up a quiet pond they fly.
A settler prompt as words arise,
A knowledge of the land supplies.

ORIGIN OF "SMOKEY HOLLOW."

Imposed you have, illustrious guest a task
To raise with feeble means oblivion's mask,
And of a country tell so illy known,
A settlement that but twelve years hath
grown.

Hard is the task you lay, but then
The trials and the griefs of heroic men,
Relate of those who toiled this land to make,
For which their pleasant homes they did
forsake.

To clear the woods and make of deserts
wild,
A "forest desert" where the sun ne'er
smiled,
A peopled country, ope'd to the expanse
of heaven,
Filled with the bounteous fruits of Provi-
dence given.

And how of old when France's power
Arose in the north and towards the south
did pour,
'Gainst whom? Up to our rangers then,
Scoured the dark woods a band of ventu-
rous men.

How with each Scotia's hardy son,
The early contest seawards was begun,
Would favoring time allow to tell
What deeds of daring them befel.

Suffice it then, if from so great a theme
I take an humbler part, nor shame it deem,
To tell of a small spot and of a little band
Who came and settled 'mong the first the
land;

Perhaps enlarge and on the subject draw,
And tell of all we heard, or read, or saw.

In Mohawk's large and fertile vale,
A German race the flats assail,
Whose quiet habits you may trace
From traditions of the ancestral race;
Among the friends of Britain's fame,
A veteran band from eastward came,
And "Butler's Rangers" was their name.
Much has been said and more might still
Of what they've done both good and ill;
But lack the time, had I the will
Them to unfold, am therefore still.

Of all the land they took the pick,
Where twixt high banks there runs this
creek,
On chosen spot, foundation's lays,
And each one's house together raise.

From deep woods towards un'customed
skies
A hamlet's smoke doth quickly rise;
Soon in the wilds new scenes appear,
Where once the beach his top did rear,
Now leveled to the ground they are,
And the rich earth obeys man's laboring
care.

When now the din of war is o'er,
And their hands no more imbrued in gore,
They quiet settled, raise large shoals of
boys,
Whose simple lives replete with wild wood
joys.

The old men settled down their life,
No more with trees they wage the strife;
But whether it was from huge fires raised,
Which caused the new ones to be amazed;
Or whether from their pipes, as some do say
That from their door or chimney wends its
way;
Be't as it may, the people gave the name
Of "Smoky Hollow," not without its fame

The women spin to pass the day,
The children neath the trees do play,
And rural toil, with rural joy,
The cheerful time of all employ.

PART II.

VISIT TO NIAGARA.

With gracious thanks the Prince replied,
And tokens worthy, more supplied.
The eastern wind had changed to north,
Tossed were the billows in their wrath.

He who had steered upon the ocean
His ship, now felt the wild commotion
While buffeting opposing wind,
The light of day had ne'er declined.

When winding round a point once more,
Behold an opening in the shore,
Briefly conflicting waves oppose,
And then the crew find calm repose.

A greeting on the land they find,
To which they were not disinclined,
The hospitality of their host they test,
Nor are due honors spared their guest.

A friendly table broad is laid,
And dainties from afar displayed,
The forest did its game afford,
Rich venison crowned the ample board.

The friendly greeting hand firsh shook,
The feast the royal toast partook,
The night with dance and cards dispose,
And daylight dawned before repose.

The morn had brought them from the fort,
Where stored within its ample halls,
Spoils of the traders who there resort
For safety in its staunch stone walls.

Where naval men before resort,
In council grave the Governor sat,
Nor had the council raised yet,
Debating on the new Land Grant.

Nor they alone, the Indian band,
To meet their eastern friends resort.
Together with one heart and hand,
The title to their land support.

The Governor sat to say a word,
Respectful stood they all,
Completely still was every sound
In that debating hall.

You left your home and country,
The land where you were born,
The happy land of childhood,
Of manhood's early dawn.

The rock clothed grassy hills,
The waving corn grown plain,
Where nought reached you of the ills
Which now to you remain.

And well you summed the cost,
You would not bear the ready taunt
Nor brook, when all was lost,
To have the scornful finger cast.

Tory is he from old and young,
Expressed with laugh and jeer.
The thought that through your strong
frames run
Was not the thought of fear.

Then to the wilds and to the stream,
your precious charge you trust,
and look into the western realms
For the reward that's due the just.

Towards them and their dark isles then
You cast your troubled axions ken,
And feeling that to keep you up
Ye need all—be vigorous men.

Butler, Johnson, with you I leave
 Claus, Tenbroeck and Paulding too,
 I trust in friendship you'll remain,
 And each to all prove true.

Wait yet I fear my trusty friends
 When all finished in our cause,
 The difference of settlers
 Oft will cause to break the laws.

Give ye my friends the Sheriff aid,
 Regard ye his command,
 The laws when made must be obeyed,
 Then lend a helping hand.

Nor fear in want to suffer here,
 For barges still will ply
 Up every creek, up every pond,
 Your wants they shall supply.

I now toward our new bourne tend.
 Beverly, Fay, Jones with me,
 Brant now, once Johnson's friend,
 Our firm and staunch ally.

A shout arose from the brave band,
 A shout that rent the skies,
 And towards the chief who rose,
 Alike were turned all eyes.

SIMCOE'S RANGERS.

A gregarious crowd around the door
 With various surmises the scene rehearse,
 Who filled the ample court before,
 And of the coming grants discourse.

Fiercer now the contest wore,
 For Simcoe's about to take his way
 Westward, to lay out acres more,
 And make the acres broad his followers pay

A noise is heard, a settler calls,
 A hurrying here and there they come,
 Adown the stairs and through the hall,
 Still'd was the sound and hushed the hum.

Nor pageant's wont to grace the scene,
 Nor men with lace, scarlet and blue,
 Staffmen and voyageurs I ween,
 All wait, the great man's will to do.

But first in visage there appear,
 A veteran band in martial mien,
 Their steeds were poor, tarnished their
 gear;

But rare a goodlier band is seen.

He passed on until the serried band
 Before the house had met his eye,
 Saluting with uplifted hand,
 With eye elate, which all did spy.

He turned and spoke one other word,
 Respectful stood they all,
 And as he spoke then could be heard
 The noiseless pin drop fall.

Companions of my arms, he said,
 I know the hardships that ye bear,
 I know the heart that keeps you up,
 I know the men ye are.

But now towards the west I go,
 For you my friends new land to bear,
 And for my faithful followers, so
 New and happy homes prepare.

First to the Mohawk station
 With blankets a good store,
 Nor ever yet has Britain's band
 Forgot the Sagamore.

The pressing crowd the Chief surrounds,
 Sympathetic glances cast,
 And make the neighboring banks resound
 With shouts, that echoing last.

He mounts and westward takes his way,
 The loud huzza from the veteran band
 Arose, and all him heard do pray
 Success attend bold Simcoe's hand.

For a brave man was "Simcoe,"
 And a brave band were they,
 Strive they till the strife is o'er,
 And then the work repay.

They felt the toils of war require
 From one that they command
 Returns, and well did Simcoe pay
 The true devotion of his band.

For soldiers fight and soldiers die,

Till they decide the day,
And then the sword into a plough,
The spear a hook make they.

WILD FLOWERS.

Late in the day the company find,
The clearing past in wood that it confin'd,
As now the escort to the wood
Parting, upon the clearings stood,
Struck at all sights when all are rare,
And idly sauntering here and there.

And backwards turned along the road,
No more their friends from wood are heard,
Observe a cottage hid with green;
Gazing they stood, admired the scene,
The cottage all that summer day
Detained the company. And away
Scarce could the pleasant party break,
And onward still their journey take.

Long at the landing lay the barge,
Long there his crew true to their charge;
And still it seemed as if a spell
Had bound him,—and to say farewell,
Why still so hard, he could not tell.

You ask a boquette to bestow,
Of flowers that in our wilds do grow,
When summer cheers the glorious scene
With blossoms, interspersed with green.

Accept this simple nosegay here,
From one not distant would appear,
No perfumed flowers give I to you,
Our flowers are scentless but yet true;
They smell but slight, but yet they show
As deep a dye as those you grow.
Despise not productions of the wild,
The cultivated man was once a child.
If this, my floral gift, should please,
A liberty allow to add with these;
As it may meet due favor in your eyes,
A sentiment conveyed may also prize.
So self-denying acts may move,
And approbation follow fruits of love.
Grant me the wish, a summer crown the year
Changes flower to fruit the sight to cheer,

As the revolving season onward flows,
A winter garnished with richest fruit that
grows.

At length the barge the party reached,
To mount the stream each nerve was
stretched,
And when the centre flood was gained,
Slow progress upward they attained;
Why was't? The sight upon the shore
Added regret to them the more;
And when impatience forced to wait,
Reproached the current with their fate.
The barge propelled by laboring oar
Glides by itself along the shore,
The change at once awakes surprise,
The question and reply arise.

The guide at hand to his desires,
The knowledge gives that he requires;
The current passing downward ever
By opposing points is turned up river.

Where doth this chasm vast disclose?
Where issuing out, the water flows,
A whirlpool sweeps with noiseless might,
That stoutest hearts it doth afright.

For tree or barque within its eddy
Sails round and and round and circles
steady,
But once in this, the shore again,
Your bark nor you shall e'er attain.

The voyage pursuing, Edward hies,
The Falls not yet had met his eyes,
As forward of his convoy goes,
The presence of a fall he knows.

Needless to say surprise, not wonder,
A mountain seemed as torn asunder,
Like a vision before him passed,
The scene upon his eye so vast.

Resounding flood, surrounding wood,
Astonished as at distance stood.
When first to traveller's anxious eyes
Appeared this fall—vast thoughts arise.
Forgive if to his 'stonished ken

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More grand appeared the cataract then;
 Forgive if, as too careless pass'd
 The first explorer's views were vast.

The convoy came, the camp they make,
 And of a generous snapper take;
 Then each one's course he does pursue,
 And separate round the Falls they view.

A ladder of a pine tree made,
 To reach the foot affords its aid,
 They ne'er before the like did see
 Till then, such grandeur, all agree.

FIRE-WATER.

Backward again portage half passed,
 And men and oxen painfully tasked;
 When nearing now the mountain meet
 A denizen of the woods complete.
 Accosted fair, the wild man stood,
 And half laid off his savage mood.

When we the red men held command,
 Silence prevailed o'er all the land,
 Nor scared the wild bird from the wave,
 Nor ceased the deer his sides to lave.
 The white man trod along the way,
 And then was drove our game away;

Their constant passing by the flood
 Deprived us of our ample food;
 The buffalo binds he to his load,
 And trails trees on where once men trod.

You see those bleach'd bones through the
 wood!

The remnants of the buzzard's food;
 We met them on their careless way,
 And then our wrongs did amply pay.
 The sight was that the blood to freeze,
 And yet the savage seemed to please.
 As spake his form, dilate with pride,
 The voyager's load he casual spied;
 Kegs with their stores, along the track
 Were borne in wagons, and on back.

Was changed the native of the soil,
 As gazing on the voyager's toil.
 "Fire water" up the billows came,
 Have scarcely left us now a name?
 If with you came this pest not here,
 We would not now so disappear;
 Our greatest foe made us forlorn,
 A nation by its breath is gone.
 Finished his speech, his gun he takes
 And through the woods quick steps he
 makes,
 And like his race whose end so near,
 Through the dark woods to disappear.

PART III.

VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER.

Niagara, may I, as I downward go,
My verse like thee in smother numbers
flow.

Like the refraction of thy azure wave,
Some truth impart, and from oblivion save.

Observation from the realm of mind,
Suggested by and in this task designed,
Increase the interest, and attention gain,
As voyaging onward to the boundless main.

Into a strong raiment brought,
And like a garment of fine tissue wrought,
Or built on nature's ground, consistence
gain,
And like a nation's monument remain.

A people's chronicles, compared how small,
Like the first streamlet of thy mighty fall,
Convince the mind and stir the sympathies,
Catch thy reflection from the azure skies.

The impression stamped as vivid, but as true
As thy far front, superior Huron blue,
Nor at the present alone remain
But like thee travel till we reach the main.

FORT NIAGARA 100 YEARS AGO.

The sun was setting, and the hour
When thought exerts its magic power,
His rays cast on Niagara's banks
Revealed its trees in neighboring ranks.
The cloud of distant cataract gave
Back to the sight a scene less grave.
Edward who yet had much to learn
Of wild woods, stands upon the stern.

Ardent and bold old ocean's child
He'd trust the deep, and shun the wild;
His friend and guide those thoughts opined,
Then to remove his love designed.

See you where trees less dense in ranks,
Betoken clearings on the banks.
To one like this we turn our prow,
Patiently wait, we go not now.

Wait till I tell you how we fought,
And gave the French their final route.
Niagara round—leaguered we stand,
Decided at the Chief's command.

Now as July passed quickly by,
And "Sol" darts arrows from the sky;
And when men look in vain for aid
The dubious trial of the sword assayed.

How lined in ranks promptly they try
The issue; then the Frenchmen fly
Back to their fort, and there
Await the verdict of protracted war.

And then the sun the scene illumed,
And then our force the siege resumed;
At length the aid long looked for comes;
No greeting shout, no beating drums,
But stealthily their guile pursue,
The fort to gain, and shun our view.
The sentinel of outpost stands,
With gun reclining in his hands;
A crack is heard from neighboring wood,
His ear it catches, that 'bodes no good,
It is the deer—listless he droops,
Nor heeds the approach of hostile troops.
A pause ensues, and there is heard no more,

Naught but the sound of cataract's roar.
His thoughts are wandering forth afar,
To Mohawk's banks, where naught's of war;
The solemn music to his ear
Seems like the tread was used to hear.

Ere war was earnest, and idle boys
To train were wont, with boisterous noise;
And all the neighborhood resort,
To enjoy a day of country sport.

The clouds break off, the wind once more
Drives inward to the neighboring shore,
They seem to drive those trees along,
Like them a dense and serried throng.
A cannon from the fort awakes his trance,
Before him sees the marshal'd hosts of
France.

The day was breaking, and the time
When nature shows in all her prime,
And Edward now the journey o'er,
As if through wilds he'd wander more.
Musing thus he inward spake,
Shall commercial toils this silence break?
Thought oft men would break the spell,
And business on the affections tell.

Then from the camp ere "Sol" arose
To break the scene of deep repose;
There appeared a tenant of the wild
Along the bank, free nature's child,
From the high steep she quickly sped
And reached the fort with agile tread.

Surprised and pleased he views once more
The syren of the day before
As quickly pass'd, who art thou maid?
Sir William's daughter, sir, she said.
Retarded, brief her onward speed,
And to his short discourse gave heed.
Where go ye now? where do ye hie?
To Brant's quarters was the reply;
Where they prepare the warlike feat,
And give our *father's son* a treat.
From thence go to the "Miami,"
From thence to go the Auglaize;
Where lit up is the council fires
Our Indian bands to raise.

A sigh escaped—he said no more,
This very day I leave your shore,
And never see this land again,
I take my passage o'er the main.
My PROGENY may view this land,
I ne'er again shall press your strand.
One look she gave, the "traveller" learned
The interest he had early earned,
He lingers—saddened at the thought,
And loth to break the feelings wrought.

Not long he mused until the sound
Arose from sleeping tents around
Of a hasty meal; despatch is made,
And to return the troops arrayed.

DEPARTURE.

The fare well taken, the parting o'er,
Adieus returned from boat to shore;
As they upon the billows bound,
Sounds like this from shores resound.

Frail bark, my heart beats in pity for thee,
Unknowing the fate thou mayest see.
With bustle and shouting, with running
and noise,
Your attention engages and your time em-
ploys;
But when all is finished, the white sail ye
raise,
And you cast on the land the last parting
gaze,
You think of the dangers to your far dis-
tant home,
Talk of its comforts when no more you will
roam.
The sea lies between you with its dreary
alarms,
The perils of ice and its dark winter storms,
But trust ye in Providence, He will procure
A landing of safety, a haven secure.
The pathway of *honor* still may you pursue,
More enduring than power will it prove to
you;
An obelisk firmer than brass will be found,
A name than emblazoned more ample re-
sound.



FINIS.



